

*The Chronicle History*

To conquer the kingdome,  
Then to speake so much more French.

*Kate.* A your Maiesty  
Has false France enough, to deceiue  
De best Lady in France.

*Harry.* No faith Kate not I.  
But Kate prethee tell me in plaine tearmes,  
Dost thou loue me?

*Kate.* I cannot tell.

*Harry.* No: Can of any your Neighbours tel,  
He aske them.

Come *Kate*, I know you loue me  
And soone when you are in your Closter,

Youle question this Lady of me:

But I pray thee sweet *Kate*, vse me mercifully,  
Because I loue thee cruelly.

That I shall dye *Kate*, is sure:

But for thy loue by the Lord neuer.  
What wench.

A straight backe will grow crooked,

A round eye will grow hollow,

A great legge will waxe small,

A curld pate prooue bald:

But a good heart *Kate* is the Sun and the Moon,

And rather the Sun and not the Moone:

And therefore *Kate* take me,

Take a souldier, take a souldier,

Take a king:

Therefore tell me *Kate*, wilt thou haue mee?

*Kate.* Dat is as please de king my Father.

*Harry.* Nay it will please him,

Nay it shall please him *Kate*,

And vpon that condition *Kate* ile kisse thee.

*Ka.* O mon du ie ne voudroy faire quelk chose

Pour toute le monde,

Ce ne poynt votree fashion en fauor.

*Harry*

*of Henry the fift.*

*Harry.* What sayes she Lady?

*Lady.* Dat it is not de fashon in France  
For de maides, befor da be married to  
May foy ic oblye, what is to bassie?

*Har.* To kisse, to kisse.  
O that tis not the fashon in France  
For the maids to kisse before they are married.

*Lady.* Owee see votree grace.

*Har.* Well, weel breake that custome.  
Therefore *Kate* patience perforce and yeelde.

Before God *Kate* you haue witchcraft

In your kisses:

And may perswade with me more

Then all the French Councill.

Your father is returned.

*Enter the Kings of France, and the  
Lords.*

How now my Lords?

*Fran.* Brother of England,  
We haue ordered the Articles,  
And haue agreed to all that we in sedule had.

*Exe.* Onely he hath not subscribed this,  
Where your Maiesty demands,  
That the King of France hauing any occasion  
To write for matter of grant,

Shall name your Highnesse in this forme:

And with this addition in French,

*Nostre tresher filz, Henry Roy d' Angleterre,*

*E beare de France.* And thus in Latine:

*Preclarissimus filius noster Henricus Rex Anglia,*

*Et heres Francie.*

*Fran.* Nor this haue we so nicely stood vpon,

But you faire brother may intreat the same.

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*Harry*